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RUTLAND, VERMONT, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 3038.

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MEN AND IN MEN'S.
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THE WONDER OF THE WORLD DEVINE'S COMPOUND PITCH LOZ-

Breton, Mar S. 1953. No. 16 To The gentleman to so at 16 power and. All me and to the case position.

Choice Poetru. Frac Preedom, and How to Gain It

We want to flag, no flavorating rag.
For liberty to fight;
We want to blaze of unrelecting guns,
To etnogle for the right.
Out spears and swords are prosted words,
The mond our hattle plain;
We're wan outh victories before,
And as we chall again.

Watere as trisingle spring of fires-They stam for brightest cause 'The not in blood that Liberty fineribes her could have. the writer them on the people's heart, In language close and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to more in sarrant love Of freedom's cases subtles; We join the erg, "Frateristy !" We keep the march of Time. And yet we grasp nor spike nor spear Our visconies to obtain; We want no aid of barrieade

To show a fraint to wrang;
We have a citade in Truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinehing faith,
Have neves striv in in vair;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood -

The ignerant may ansar.
The had damy; but we rely
To see their troumph near.
No widow's ground shall haid our cause,
No blood of brethren shain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

The Family Circle.

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS. During the recent war between the United States and the Indians of Texas, a great number of volunteers joined the expedition. One of these, Captain Ferguson of Kentucky, became celebrated for his hardihood and success in the terrible hunting of the Indians. The following incident will convey some idea of the character of the man, and also of the war still waging in the New World, between civilization and barbarism.

A small band of volunteers, among

whom was captain Ferguson, spent several days in exploring Texas, and had wandered far into the interior without meeting a solitary Indian track. Tired of this pacific journey, they resolved to separate and seek adventure singly, before returning to camp.

Accordingly the following morning,

Captain Ferguson directed his course eross a vast prairie, towards a cluster of hills, bemmed in by thick woods which bounded the horizon. Arrived at the foot of one of these hills, the Captain perceived a troop of wild borses slowly advancing towards him. Suddenly they broke into a gallop; a manauvre which appeared suspicious, and induced our hero to watch them closely.

They soon gained the level ground and the dall sound of their hoofs striking the soil, became distinctly audible. The captain looked and saw clinging to the flanks of each horse, an Indian, suspended horizontally by an arm and a leg. Indians, but luckity for Ferguson, he was still at a considerable distance from these unpleasant cavaliers.

Perceiving by the rapidity of his flight that they were discovered, the Iudians climbed nimbly on their borses and porsued our hero at full speed shouting their terrible war-cry.

Looking back, Ferguson observed that his enemies spread themselves across the prairie, with the evident intention of cutting off his retreat to the hills. He saw that his only chance of safety consisted in gaining the woods; whither his pursuers durst not follow him, lest they might encounter the outposts of the American troops.

He did not again look behind bee with his eyes eagerly fixed on the yet distant goal, he spurred on his horse to its atmost speed. The animal stumbled and the cry of the Indians became more distinct; but the noble animal rose again, and with a loud neigh, as though conscious of the peril that menaced his master, he made a predigious forward bound, and cleared the space which divided him from the wood, with the speed of an arrow.

As Ferguson had forseen, the Indians. fearing to enter the woods, came to a udden halt. Although comparatively out of danger he did not esteem himself perfectly safe, and therefore pursued his course for five or six miles without drawing bridle. Evening was then closing in when he judged it proper to pause. He tried in vain to discover where he was; but he was not a man to vex himself for trifles, so he quietly resolved to pass the night in the air, and defer to the morrow the task of finding his way. A clear stream bordered with shrubs ran near, and Ferguson having unbridled his horse, wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down on the grass.

At daybreak he resumed his journey, following the course of the stream .-When he had gone about four miles, he found the corpse of one of his companions. The poor fellow had been scalped and Ferguson's first thought was that all his friends had probably been surprised, and massacred singly. Indeed the comerous boof-prints of horses, some shod and some unshed, indicated plainly, the recent passage of both white men and Indiana. Slowly and cautiously be followed these traces withou; making any discoveries, until towards the middle of the day, having climbed up a slight environce, he saw on a plain t about a mile's distance, a large Io-Lien encampment.

At the same moment the Indians pertheir borses. Cursing his own impra- | with a rampart of fire-

burid smoke extending an either side as past, he collected a supply of wood for destruction no less inevitable.

In this emergency, Ferguson did not lose his presence of mind, but continued to advance rapidly in the direction of the fire. When he met the black advancing guard of smoke, behind which the flame wound and darted like some hydra horse and dismounted. He tore his mantie into pieces, fastenedone as a bandage over his horses eyes, and another so as to envelop the animals mouth and nostrils; then he covered his own face in a similar manner. This was the work of a few moments-precious moments, for the yells of the advancing Indians became fearfully distinct. His preparations made, Ferguson remounted, and faced his horse toward the fire, spurred him on with the energy of despair .-The noble beast bounded onwards, the fleree flames enveloping him and his rider; but the arm of the latter was of iron strength; he held up his horse, and mpelled him through the fire. A few desperate bounds and the tor-use was

The fresh cool air-how delicious i was! Ferguson tore off the bandages which covered his own head and his borses, and threw himself on the ground. He made an effort to give back a defy-

ing shout, but his voice died on his lips Half suffocated both horse and mar had scarcely strength to move across the blackened prairie; yet Ferguson knew that without water they must inevitably perish. He therefore summoned his remaining energies, and crept on, leading his horse by the bridle. All the poor creature's hair was singed off, and large pieces of his hide came off at the least touch.

Tormented by a raging thirst, Ferguson dragged himself toward the farther extremity of the prairie; and when there he perceived a band of wolves advancing with savage howls. This new peril aroused both horse and rider. A clear fresh stream was flowing by; into it plunged the animal, and Ferguson also tipped his head into the delicious bath. Its restorative effect was magical. He recollected that the wolves in these vast descris are accustomed to flock towards prairie on fire, in order to prey on the nimals escaping from the flames .-The Captain examined his horse, and found with pleasure, that the poor creature was much recovered, and even neighed in reply to the wolves howling. More moved by this plaintive cry that he ever had been by a human cry, Ferguson gently caressed the head of his toward the forest. The wolves mean time were crossing the stream in bot parsuit, their hoarse yells sounding thousand times more terrible than the whistling of bullets on the buttle-field.

A cold shuddering seized Ferguson If my horse should fall?" he thought But thanks to his vigilance, and the feverish energy of the animal, they gradually gained upon their pursuers; for the speed of a prairie wolf is much less than that of a fleet borse.

But the powers of the poble creature sere nearly spent, his breathing besume rapid, and his head drooped. Yet he still made a wondrous effort to gain the forest, for, with the instinct of his kind, he seemed to know that safety would be found among the trees.

At length the wood was gained. Ferguson gave a joyous shout, for now could take refuge in a tree. Tying his borse to a lower branch, our hero limbed one quickly, and loaded his car sine and pistols, with a faint hope of befending the poor animal from the

From the lofty branch on which he had taken up his position, Ferguson watched the monsters' approach-the were the fiercest species, white with glowing red eyes; and he saw that it as all over with his faithful horse.-They rushed on their victim-Ferguson fired among them; but in a moment the animal was decoured, and the empty bridal left hanging on the branch.

The wolves, with gaping throats, and their white tusks grinning herribly, remained around the tree; for the horse had scarcely furnished each with a single mouthful. On the Captain's slightest movement they jumped up, as if to seize him before he could touch the ground. Verguson enjoyed a sort of everish pleasure in killing a number of bem with his carbine. But night was losing in, and quite exhausted, anable ven to reload bis arms, he was seized ith a sudden giddiness. He was foreed to close his eyes, lest he should fall rom his green fortress.

Then a deep roaring was heard he neighboring prairie. At the sound the wolves pricked up their eurs, and darted off simultaneously in pursuit of a new prey. In a short time Ferguson spened his eyes and descried in the plain the border of the wood, an enormous bufficle, surrounded by the revenous wolves, who were tearing him to pieces despite his furious efforts to escape. The Captein, profiting by this fortun

ate diversion, descended from his tree, and bastemed to kindle the dried branches sessioned on the ground. He shortorived the captain, and leaped upon ly succeeded in surrounding himself

dence. Furgueon turned bridle, and be-reasted one of the dead walves, and are gan as quickly as possible to retrace his a small portion of the flesh, notwith-Arrived a souter border of standing the natural repognance inspirthe wood, he saw on pain which ad by such unclean food. Being some-be was about to cross, a dense cloud of what strengthened by his strange re-

> guson, thanks to his flaming fortification, was in such perfect safety, that despite the continued howling, he slept prefoundly until morning.

On awaking he found that the wolves were gone, in pursuit, doubtless, of some easier prey; and e Captain was able headed serpent. Ferguson checked his to resume his journey on foot, carrying with him his pistols, his cutles, and his

and privation, he arrived in safety at the American camp; but no tidings were ever heard of his unfortunate companions. They probably had either been massacred by the Indians, or devoured by the wolves. As to Captain Ferguson, he was seized with a fever which confined him to bed during many weeks. When convalescent, he happened one day to look in a mirror; and started back affrighted. - His beard remained black, but the hair of his head has become white as snow. Woman

The following extract from a speech delivered in the California Senate by Mr. Soule, is touchingly beautiful .-The subject was a bill authorizing women to act as sole traders. There are married men out of California, as well as in it, who may look in the glass and

behold themselves :--"When I reflect ubon the conduct o sany married men in California-their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the altar-how completely they fail in the performance of their dutieshow victoous and industrious, faithfull and patient women are imposed upon by worthless brutes of husbands, as great tyrants at home, as drunkards and de bauchees abroad-my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power to protect her rights and secure

her bappiness. I love woman: I have loved her all my life, and, dying, hope to be faithful to the same high and inspiring senti-ments. For, amid all the varied scenes, temptations, stroggles and hopes of existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward. If I ever had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman And I judge her influence is thus upon others. Gentle in her affections, yet mighty through her influence, her medium rule is as powerful as the ballot-box; and she only needs the protection of law against those head and shoulders, totters about three derstood cutting except Pantaletti. opensities. She has billed on from boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her beauty and virtues. I remember my first love; my baby

affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month since -save the dark and rayless years which acceeded the desolated hearth, and made the heart too desolate. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in the grave-I remember the night when she died-never, while I recollect my sisters, and the abuses which might have been theirs-never, while I hold in memory one otherand her memory is all that is left to me -shall I refuse to give my voice and my influence, and my vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation against the oppression, neglect or abuses of my own sex. I hope the bill may pass."-[Hart. Cour.

As we were walking along one of the avenues, not long since, by some mysterious power and a few drops of water, we had our attention drawn upwards. We ran our eye along up the brick wall to the fourth story where we saw (as we supposed) a beautiful Irish girl sented on one of the window sills, washing the window, har feet hanging in the house; she was holding fast by one hand and washing with the other. We gazed at her dumb silence for some mome-It was evident that if she should lose her balance she would not stop short of the side walk. As we paused, thus reflecting on what might happen, sure mough, she nervously grasped the bottom of the window with both hands, as if suffering from some dizziness. Could we save her from her impending fate? No!-Gradually she loosened her grasp the brush fell from her hand, and suddenly letting go with both hands she crawled into the house! DUNAS'S METHOD OF COMPOSING.

Anderson, "found the jovial Alexandre Domas in bed even long after mid-day; here he lay, with paper, pen and ink. and wrote his new drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said "Sit down a minute ; I have

Grandfather's Birth-Day.

The good old gentleman has seen seventy-hour of them. They are strewn behind him like milestones by the side of a milroad track. From the high grade where he now stands, they seem to touch each other, albeit as he passed them, he toiled heavily from one to the next, laden with a weight of sorrows -He wonders how there could have been so much to annoy him between such brief landmarks, and smiles as he thinks over what then seemed most grevious This day be surrenders almost en

tirely to a review of his past life, and to a diligent prospection of the path ahead, for he is very methodical, and loves to map out the events of the coming year, and apportion to each its place. He reckons that when the sun comes a little hotter be will thin out the gooseberry bushes, and get Charley to help him root out the grass from between the currents. He is quite a mind to try Prof. Mapes' suggestion of sowing sal on the asparagus bed. Twelve years ago father Huntting recommended it but it did not seem to him quite the thing. When the old Roman destroyed Jerusalem, and razed its walls, he sowed salt on its site, as a type of desolation. Ever since he read that statewent, he has had a prejudice against using salt for agricultural purposes, though he never objected to it in the sen-weed of which the creek is so prolific. He determines this year to be in time with the buds, and to trim the vines and the young orchard trees with his thumb nail. Last year he was not sprightly enough for vegetation and so he had to take Bobby's Jack-knife to a good many whips which ought never to have grown, since they drew off the strength and the sap that ought to have been reserved for the bearing branches.

Before night he stipulates with little Tommy-we need not narrate the good things that Tommy will get for the job to read through the Bible during the year, from Genesis to Revelations, slowly and distinctly, and at certain fixed bours of the day, according to a schedule which he drew up twenty-seven years ago last August, and which, smoev and worn, is carefully watered on to a fly-leaf of the big book that lies in the center of the front room table. The sun is well up, the air balmy and warm, the old button wood easts no shadow upon the rustic chair at its foot ; and grandfather, taking his cane, moves out high enough to be tangled, and to hide the buttercups that were so thick there a week ago, and he will turn in

old Brindle for a few hours that she may crop it down. The dandelions lift up their yellow heads, and the baby, to those of them that have gone to seed, With a steaumbrellas he calls them. dy hand he pinches off the tubular stem of each, and, lifting it to his mouth, he for boots; the Germans were the only dilntes his checks with a long breath, to try by the sign whether he will have good supper or not. You know the sign-if with one breath he can blow off every one of the feathery seeds, his supper will be a good one;-fried poatoes and gravy, cherry sweetments and sugar cakes, he hopes. And now he begs graudfather to go with him down to the run where the sweet-flags grow. Hear the little sophist! He wants it in school-time to give to the boys, and more than all be wants it for the sport of digging it. But the argument he urges is that Aunt Debby always wants piece when she goes to meeting, to

keep her awake in sermon time. No wonder he likes the sport of going to the run. The path lies through the lane, which is fenced in on either side with a locust hedge. The robins are singing from the branches, and just now a cat-bird was screaming from the top of the shad bush, whose pale flowers are in full bloom. The barn swallows are chasing each other around the great onk, and now they skim back to the bern, and dart in, one after another, through the knot-hole, which is the ever-open door of their home. It la lucky that our folks brought a caseknife with them, for here are plenty of erow-fout geraniums, and the girls have been tensing for a root of it to transplant of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, into the garden. But Tommy has reached the run, he has walked in sufery over the narrow board that spans it. and has plunged into the thickest of the flags on the other side. For his private enjoyment, he is nibbling at ome of the tenderer of the inwrapped leaves, and searches dilligently to see if any of those wondrous delicasies, the "piths," are yet grown. Now he plunges his fingers into the mud, and, break--"I generally," says Hans Christian ing away the rootlets that bind it down, with care he brings up a root of the sweet flag as long as his arm, from the ellow down. Grandfather has taken his sent on the stile, and listens while the lad tells how Jimmy Jones, who came from the city, went after sweet just now a visit from my muse sahe will flag, or "calumns," as he calls it, one be going directly." He wrote on ; speke day, and got a pocketful of lilly-roots, aloud, shouted a criest, sprang out of hed and cut of them, and was so cick that and said. "the third act is finished?" they had to have the doctor. Now he The beauty of behaviour chorists in his trowsers, and is in full chase after the manner not the matter of your dis- a water-turde. He is wondering all I take it there if I have not deserved the while how it is that they can run it, I am never the worse; if I have I so fast, while a hand-turtle would be all will mend. A man's own good breeding is the best day in erecoing up the hill to the meetsecurity against other people's ill man- ing-house. The long-legged spiders Truth love and high morality are Feeling then comparative safety, he | the same.

to be no cross-looking ones, with little whips in their fore feet, he judges there are no school-masters among them; and so he wishes he was a long-legged spider, and could float in the warm sunshine over the heads of the polywork and past the holes where the big bullfrogs are, and have nobody to call him to study his lessons, or to make onon-beds in the garden. The old man watches the lad wading in the stream, and the insects floating, and fancies himself a boy again, pleased with a boy's playthings, and dreaming a boy's dreams ce more. The voice of Betty from

first on the surface of the water, as it

supported by their own shudows .-

Tommy wonders whether there is any

grammer in their language that they

have to bother over; and as there seems

the kirchen, shouting to Tommy, that it is time for him to go after the cows, which are a mile off in the North-Side woods, wakes them from their several reveries and summons them bome .-The lane is cooler than before, for the shadows of the trees shut out the slanting rays of the sun and the hirds bare nearly disappeared. The boy skips from one side to the other of the path, now pulling up a sassafras twig by the roots for its aromatic bark, now climbing a birch tree for some of its fragrant whips, talking all the time, and all the time thinking what he will do when a man. The man walks slowly, drinking in through his dimmed eyes the beauty of the scenery, and thinking of what be did when he was a boy. Seventy-four years! It is quite pos sible that before another is added to the

list, our old friend will be where there are no gooseberries to trim or vines to prune. but he is ready for any event, and feels that when his time comes, be will go with a cheerful heart, so be enn afford to be cheery while he remains.-Many returns of his birth-day to our venerable friend, and many years may be tarry to tell pleasant stories to Bob of the old times, and make kites and balls for Bob's junior brethren .- [N. MR. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, OR

City's distinguished representative at the high Court of Fashion, who writes to The Home Journal from "Numero 20, Rue Barbel de Jouy, "that he can find in Paris nogloves fit to wear, though he bas not "a bad hand," and his glove bill exceeds \$ 400 dollars a year, appears to have fallen in with, during his to enjoy it for awhile. The grass is already high enough to be tangled, and Browne, who, in his "Yusef," just published, dagnerreotypes him as follows -[N. Y. Tribune.

"When I first saw him, he was or the way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloons of a particular style. No man in Europe un-There was a set in Panteletti that made Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention at once to proceed from Milan to Liepsie people who brought boots to perfection, and decidedly the best were to be had at Leipsic. He expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a set in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his eignrs he was obliged to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wine it was sense to undertake to drink any but the pore Johannisberg-which he generally saw bottled on the Rhine every summer, in order to avoid imposition-His winters he chiefly spent in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and sometimes he had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of travelling suited him exactly-in fact he disliked travelling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him: walking because it tired him; the snow because it was cold; the sun because it was bof; Rome because it was damp ; Nice, because it was dev ; Athens because it was dusty. (By the way, I disliked Athens myself chiefly on that account; Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man no society, no opera, no classical associations-nothing at all, except business; and all sorts of business he despland.-It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact the only decent people he had ever met with were the French; a man might contrive to exist a while in Paris. Not that he approved altogether of French language; it wanted depth and richness; the only insquage worthy a man of sense was the the Samscrit .--As soon as he had suited himself in boots at Leipsic, he was going to perfeet himself in Samerit at the Universiry at Berlin; after which he hoped to recover from the effects of bard study by a tour through Bayacia, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink?

alips down into the run, has rulled up science, not opinion, never heeds repronches. When I am ill spokes of,

A Funny Leiter.

A friend has just shown so a lette from the country, in mower to a duriamusing and original not to be lamber down to posterity, along with the choice literary morsels of the day. We suppress names and dates, of emerse : "My Dear Sir yours of the - nit., has been received, and if I had not answered it, you must lay your secount to its strange contents. I was much surprised at your simplicity in writing to ask the payment of the small sums I owe you. How can you imagine that I can scrape together any money in this part of the world, where there never will be such an article? I don't understand you city folks writing up to us country folks for money. Why don't you go to the bank and borrow it? That's the way I'd do, if I were fiving in the city. But up here we can't borrow money; we haven't got it to spend, much less to lend. You'll appreciate this when you get poor and come to the country to live. There's nothing like the country for modesty and virtue. But I'm sure I don't know why you should be bothering me about money. My notes ought to pass current, for you've got an almighty number of them. If they don't, and you never get paid, you will at least have the satisfaction of baving me your faithful friend."-[N. O. Picayune.

The World's Huzza.

I have seen altogether too much of necess in life to take off my hat and huzza to it as it passes by in its will coach, and would do my little part with my neighbors on first that they should not gape with too much wonder, nor appland too loudly. Is it the Lord Mayor going in state to mince pies and the Mansion House? Is it poor Jack of Newgate's procession, with the sheriff and javelin-men conducting him on his last journey to Tyburn? I look into my heart and I think I am as good as my Lord Mayor, and as had as Tyburn Jack. Give me a chain and a red gown, and a pudding before me, and I could play the part of alderman very well, and sentence Jack after dinner. Starve me, keep me from books and honest people educate me to love dice, gin, and pleasure, and put me on Houndow Heath, with a purse before me, and I will take it. "And I shall be deservedly hanged," says you, wishing to put an end to this prosing. I don't say no; f can't but necept the world as I find it, neluding a rope, as it is in fashion.-Thackersy.

A Sharp Thief. The Paris correspondent of the Washington Republic gives the following account of the manner in which a smart thief escaped from his pursuers when hard pushed. He says:

The police of Paris are generally a match for private citizens, but they him indispensable. He had tried the sometimes find more than an equal in certain gentlemen, who, living on thu highway and appropriating other people's goods, may be said to have a publie character. One of these gentry was the other day discovered in the net of rifling a bureau in a room in the upper part of a house. He fled to the roof, but could get no further. Railings and broken bottles impeded his onward progress. The occupants of the house guarded the windows and the stairways, a crowd of lookers on in the street watched his movements on the roof, while a squad of firemen, with books and ladders, advanced on a run from the nearest post. The poor fellow was in his stocking feet and was mims a hat.

As the firemen reached the roof he disappeared, no one could tell how or where. The search was continued for half an hour, but was utterly fruitless. A porter hunded a note to the commiseary heading the bettue. It was from a escaped thief, and was thus couched: "Excellent Sergeant s-Da not fatigue your men in pursuing me; when this reaches you I shall be a long way off.

" Look at the house next to the one where I was surprised, and you will sur how I escaped. I found a window that opened like a souff box, which let me into a chamber most admirably kept -I found a trunk with new clothes, and a pair of varnished boots is it. I rigged myself from top to toe, walked down stairs and out of the door. Do you remember that a tonu, elegantly dened, stopped you and told you that wouldn't catch the thief? It was I! If I say thief, I mean it; for having found in the frunk 200 francs in gold. I could not realist the companion, and I put them in my pocket. My respects to your wife. Added !* The recent's assertions were found to

be correct, and the commissary and fire-men retired rather creat fallen.

seven distinguishing characters of voice in men and women. In men they are termed bass, baritone, tenor, robusto or full-tenor, and tenor-leggiadro or counter-tenor. Those of women are termed contralto, metro soprano and soprano The compare will be found to vary according to the length of the vocal chords and windpipe, the longest possessing the power of producing the greatest number prize a range of swelve notes, and another of eixteen, yet both may be of the same character. The change which occurs in the voice in the decline of life is the result of the ossification of the cartlinges of the laryox, and the hardening of its ligaments, which produce a hard and crucked sound.